JAPAN AT THE HEAD.

Recognized Nation of the Future in Eastern Asia.

Other Asiatic Peoples in Which America Has Reason to Be Interested—Short Lesson in Ethnography.

[Special Correspondence.]

ETHNOGRAPHIC research and study of the character and habits of our Asiatic and Polynesian fellow-creatures has been stimulated in this country to an almost incredible extent since, through the chances of war, the United States acquired the Philippines and other Pacific islands. The temporary occupation of the coast towns and the capital of China, and the wonderful commercial, naval and industrial development of Japan have made it almost necessary that we should become thoroughly acquainted with the strange peoples of the east, whose markets we are endeavoring, in a measure, to control.

The Japanese is a nation of the future in Eastern Asia. This has been felt by the world at large ever since the close of the Japanese-Chinese war; and Great Britain has recognized it by entering into an offensive and defensive alliance with the island empire. While in reality but little is known about China, whose people are enslaved by superstition and tradition, Japan, the "land of the rising sun," has thrown off the shackles which for centuries bound it to the past, and is being "civilized" at a rapid rate.

Foreigners visiting Japan are impressed by the polite, modest and amiable disposition of the natives, and that is why they are held, both by Europeans and Americans, in far higher esteem than the Chinese. The Japanese character consists of a rare mixture of good and bad qualities. The proverbial national politeness of the Japanese has its dark side, because it furnishes an incentive to hypocrisy;

JAPANESE VEGETABLE VENDER AND ASSISTANT.

to such an extent, in fact, that lying is not considered wrong.

Quite as superficial as the Jap's politeness is his seeming modesty, when in the presence of strangers, which is by no means based upon a conviction of the visitor's highest culture. It is put on to satisfy curiosity, which forms an important part of the oriental character, and used as a means to secure information that might prove valuable for commercial purposes. Many bright young Japs are sent to European and American colleges and universities, not to study the principles and rules of occidental civilization, but to acquire a knowledge of the potential means by which this civilization has managed to control the eastern world. Back of the commendable patriotism of the Japanese there is a

KALMUCK WOMAN ON CAMEL.

national vanity which is almost ridiculous, because it makes them believe that in wisdom and real culture they are far ahead of either Europeans or Americans. As a nation the Japs are vegetarians. Like the Chinese, the comon people live principally on rice, vegetables and fish. Everywhere can be seen movable kitchens and vegetable dealers are encountered in every street. The more popular vegetables sold are beans, radishes, cucumbers and chestnuts, and among the delicacies are to be mentioned young bamboo slips and lotus roots.

Another Asiatic country with which we may soon enter into commercial relations is Burmah, an Indian empire which was subdued a few years ago by Great Britain. Its population numbers 7,500,000. They belong to the Mongol branch of the human family. Their language is closely related to the Tibetan and Chinese, and the predominant religious faith is Buddhism. The Burmese are divided into seven castes. Closely related to them are the natives of the Khanates, which are now about evenly divided between Great Britain, France and China. The natives of these dependencies are sturdy, nomadic and more highly civilized than other Mongol tribes. They are taking kindly to labor-saving devices of every description, and may prove good customers for American manufactures.

Another enterprising and prosperous Mongol tribe are the Kalmucks. They inhabit the interior of western China and the adjacent district. The nomadic families of the Kalmucks constitute the larger part of the population. They are nominally under Chinese suzerainty, but are already scattered over vast regions belong to Russia. The principal wealth of the various clans consists of horses, camels, cattle and sheep. The men are excellent horsemen; the women are always mounted on camels when journeying from one pasture ground to another, or attending the national festivities in distant towns.

In the Himalaya district of northern India are found many tribes of Tibetan origin. One of the most remarkable is the pastoral clan of the Toda which has for centuries dwelled in the Nilgherries and maintained its individuality in the face of much opposition. Their dwellings are constructed of bamboo and covered with straw, the entrance being so low that the interior can be reached only by crawling into it. The Todas are characterized by rare racial purity. They are divided into five separate castes, whose members never intermarry. Among the three lower castes each village has its own priest, who is not allowed to offer sacrifices, however; his sole responsibility being the care and milking of buffalo cows, the most respected of all Toda callings. The village priest must be a member of one of the two upper castes, and has to prepare himself for his high office by passing through a variety of absurd ceremonies. The priesthood is reenforced by hermits who lead an ascetic life in their own premises and are held in high veneration by the populace. Although the Todas are not the original owners of the soil, they are recognized by neighboring tribes as the proprietors of the mountain territory they now occupy and receive a voluntary annual tribute from their neighbors. They raise buffaloes and earn, without much trouble, enough to live comfortably. More they do not seem to desire, caring neither for riches nor power, nor being attracted by the rewards of agriculture or the chase.

Among the moribund Polynesian tribes none is more interesting than the natives of New Zealand, commonly known as the "Maoris"—meaning "natives." They are constantly decreasing in number, and will have passed away entirely within the next century and a half. The men tattoo their faces and other parts of the body, the women only their chins. Men as well as women are sturdy, even handsome, and their costumes are decidedly picturesque.

It is impossible to give, in a newspaper article, even an outline of the customs and peculiarities of the various tribes and races with which we, as a nation, must necessarily come into contact now that we have assumed a place as a world power. In years gone by we looked upon the strange peoples of Asia and Polynesia as curiosities, to be encountered occasionally in a circus or dime museum, but now we must be prepared to meet them as customers for our flour, agricultural machinery, sewing machines, boots and shoes, carriages and automobiles. For this reason, it would appear advisable that the study of ethrography, hitherto an almost unknown science in our high schools and colleges, be taken up by intelligent teachers—so that they can familiarize their pupils with the habits of the peoples with whom they may have to deal at some future period.

The expansion of German trade is due in a great measure to the thoroughness of German technical schools, whose directors seem to appreciate the value of ethnological and ethnographical lessons as an essential part of commercial as well as scientific education. WILLIAM WALTER WELLS.

A "Pajama" Hat.

A well-dressed man, wearing a fine Panama hat, was seated in the smoking car of a Chestnut Hill train the other day, and in the seat behind him were two Irishmen, puffing away stolidly on short clay pipes. One of them had been contemplating the hat in meditative silence for some time, and finally, turning to his companion, said: "That's the sort of hat ye should wear, Casey." "Is it so?" said Casey. "An' phwat kind av hat is it ye call thim?" A pitying smile hovered around the mouth of the first speaker. "It's ashamed av yer ign'rance Oi am, Casey," he said. "Sure th' papers do be full av thim. It's phwat ye call a pajama hat."—Philadelphia Record.

Popular with the Sex.

"He's an exceedingly gallant and sensible young man. I heard him say that a man is as old as he feels and a woman—"

"Oh, that's ancient!"

"Wait till I'm through. And that a woman is half as old as she looks."—Chicago Post.

Is Your Hearing Normal?

What is "normal" hearing? Aural experts seem to place the standard at the ability to hear a quiet whisper at the distance of 18 feet. The test was recently applied to a thousand English school children with a somewhat startling result. Fifty per cent. of them were found to be suffering from a disease of the inner ear which rendered them partially deaf. In Germany these examinations of school children are periodical, and the medical experts give advice to the parents of those whose throats or ears are in need of treatment. One writer humorously suggests that "it should become a popular parlor game to take six paces and whisper." Those who could not hear the whisper might then pay a doctor's fee as forfeit.

A Reasonable Presumption.

First Passenger—I wonder why we are making such a long stop at this station.

Second Passenger (a traveler of experience)—I presume it is because no one happens to be trying to catch the train.—N. Y. Weekly.

LANDED.

Little drops of water
Full of grains of sand,
Make a lot of trouble
And a solid land.

THE CATTLE DUFFER.

A Class of "Rustlers" Once Numerous in Australia, But of Late Years Growing Scarce.

The cattle duffer belongs to a new fast-dwindling class. Happily so!

In bygone days, when settlement was scanty, the country for the most part wild and untenanted, and when big squatters were the only pioneers of the vast interior pastoral regions, he flourished exceedingly, and drove his gay but nefarious trade with a fine dash and recklessness and a contemptuous disregard of the police. His number was then to be reckoned by the hundreds, says an Australian correspondence of the London Mail.

His methods were as follows: He built himself a hut in the heart of some great forest, situated within a measurable distance of two or more big cattle stations. Near the hut he constructed an enclosure—a paddock surrounded with a dog-leg fence (a dog-leg fence is made by heaping the trunks of sapling trees about forked stakes driven into the ground.) These paddocks always embraced a stream of running water, and were often many acres in extent.

Having so provided himself, he descended on horseback at night upon the squatting runs, armed with a stock-whip and revolver, and what cattle he could find he drove off to his fastness. When his stolen herd had accumulated to sufficiently brave proportions, assisted by servants and fellow-robbers, he proceeded to alter their brands. Roping and throwing the cattle one by one, first the old brand was obliterated by applying a red-hot broad, flat searing iron to the spot, and then, after allowing a time for the wounds to heal, his own brand was imprinted on the scar. So treated, the proper owners of the animals could never identify them. The cattle duffer thereupon drove his prey to the nearest market and sold them at auction, often to the very men whom he had robbed.

Sometimes he was caught red-handed by his enemies, the squatters, and was convicted and imprisoned; sometimes he was shot and perished miserably in the bush, the story of his end known only to the man who slew him, who wisely kept the secret to himself; but more often he escaped scot-free, made much money, retired from his lawless calling and developed into a squatter on his own account. Many great colonial fortunes have been so founded.

It is an open secret that the late millionaire, James Tyson, Australia's richest pastoralist, commenced life as a cattle duffer. I knew one once intimately myself, who died recently worth several hundred thousand pounds. He was clerk of petty sessions in a town of the New England Plains, a respectable government servant—but only in the daytime; after dark he was a prince of cattle duffers, employing over 20 rascals, at whose head he led many a wild midnight raid in that rich squatting district.

For almost 20 years he carried on this double life, his villainy unsuspected by the many, known only to a few, whose silence he purchased with his tainted gold. He was appointed a justice of the peace, and died in all the odors of sanctity. It may interest Englishmen to learn that he was a Scot, a Highlander, whose ancestors were famous covenanting chiefs, who gave much trouble to Lowland farmers in their day I have seen in his study a rusted old broadsword, which he declared had, in the hand of an ancient grandsire, cut off a lock of Claverhouse's wig. "A braw swipe," the old scoundrel used to say, "but hardly canny. Anither inch to left or right, and Drumclog would never hae been focht."

Over-Supply of Doctors.

There are few countries of the civilized world in which the supply of medical men is not more than equal to the demand. Probably Russia is almost the only exception. In Great Britain competition among doctors is painfully acute, and a similar statement applies with equal force to France and Austria. It is notorious that the evil is more accentuated in the United States than in any other part of the globe, and that, unless steps are taken to restrict the output, the situation from being serious will become absolutely alarming. In Germany the aspect of affairs, viewed from the physician's standpoint, can hardly be termed encouraging, for the practicers of the healing art increase and multiply out of all proportion.—Medical Record.

Woman's Throwing and Jumping.

It has been estimated that a woman can throw a ball 45 per cent. the distance a man can throw it, but she can jump 62 per cent. of the distance a man can jump. If there is a mouse near she increases her percentage.—Science.

HE FOUND HIS VOICE.

What the Oxen Wanted Was a Good "Cussing" and They Got It Forthwith.

"Four or five years ago," said a northern Michigan farmer who was talking to a Detroiter the other week, relates the FreePress, "a Chicago man happened to be in my neighborhood on business. It somehow came out that he had a son who had just lost his voice, and, meeting the father, I said to him:

"'If it is true that your son has lost his voice you might send him up here for a few weeks.'

"'What for?' says he.

"'To find his lost voice,' says I.

"'How can he do it?'

"'I'll set him driving oxen.'

"I told him I had known of lost voices being restored that way, and, after thinking it over, he said he'd send the son along. The young feller arrived the next week, and his was a bad case. He couldn't speak to be heard five feet away. I had a yoke of oxen that were up to all kinds of mean tricks, and nothing but yelling would make 'em pull over a hundred pounds. I had the young feller use 'em to draw up jags of wood and haul fence rails where they were wanted, and he got along all right for a week. Then I set him to haul some timber out of the woods, and I went into hiding to see the fun. When he started the oxen up they barely straightened the chain. He put on the gad, but it was no use. What them oxen was used to was yells and whoops and cuss-words, and they meant to have 'em or stand right there.

"That chap put on the gad and jumped up and down and threw stones and clubs, but the oxen just looked at him and chewed their cuds. He worked at 'em for a full hour, gittin' madder and madder all the time, and there were tears in his eyes and he was jumpin' on his hat when he suddenly busted out swearin'. His voice came to him all of a sudden, and the way he did go on was awful to hear. He called them critters a hundred bad names and he cussed 'em from horns to hoofs, and even folks goin' by on the road stopped to listen.

"The oxen was too surprised to move for ten minutes, but all at once they heaved ahead and went off on the run with a stick of timber 16 feet long. It was a sudden and complete cure for what ailed the young man. He wanted to stay for a week or two longer, to be sure that he had actually got his voice back, but I turned him off the next day. Had to do it, you see. He had a voice on him like two fog horns, and when he asked the old woman at supper time to pass the butter that voice of his shattered four plates and toppled the tea pot off the table!"

MAPPING A BRAIN.

Tests That Have Been Made by Surgical Experts to Discover Control of Limbs.

Eminent surgeons have long endeavored to find out precisely what parts of the brain control the various muscles and limbs of the body, with a view to ascertaining therefrom new ways of treating diseases of the nervous system. Sufferers from such complaints, especially such as cause interruption of the muscular action, may have reason to bless the memory of certain great apes, who have cooperated unselfishly with, and without being consulted by, some British scientists and surgeons in a series of privately conducted experiments to demonstrate new facts about the brain, says the London Leader.

Though the scientific partnership was fatal to the apes, they lived admired, and died universally respected, and their photographs will be handed down in medical history. Studies of the brains of the higher apes have shown that their composition was sufficiently like that of a man to justify the belief that investigations made on these brutes would furnish knowledge about the human brain. To understand the experiments thoroughly, it is well to remember that the brain may be roughly divided into two great portions—the frontal and the occipital—what are separated by the fissure of Rolando. This fissure extends across the top of the human head and down on each side at about the region of the temples.

All that part of the brain which lies in front of it—that is, the brain that is over the eyes and fills out the frontal region of the head—is known as the frontal lobe. This frontal lobe, it has been found, does almost all the work of ordering and controlling the motion of the body, and the exercise of its various physical functions. It is the great central telephone exchange, or, to use another electric term, the great power house where the subtle, intangible fluid of thought is converted into a tangible working force and thence transmitted at varying pressures along the feed wires of nerves to the various engines of the heart, arms, legs, eyes, mouth, nose and other organs.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Darnarus, a tribe of southwest Africa, never eat salt.

In France olives are gathered in November or December; in Italy in February or March.

Glasgow corporation has negatived a proposal that blind persons should be allowed to travel free over the local municipal tramway system.

The third largest bell in England was recently hung in Beverly Minster. It weighs over seven tons, and has a diameter of seven feet two inches.

Because she refused to wash a baby's face a native nurse at Hong-Kong has been fined five dollars for "disobedience of lawful orders."

Ireland's people commit fewer small offenses than those of any other country. Last year there was a further diminution of 10.2 per cent. in minor offenses.

While on the wing, a pigeon was guillotined at Cardiff by being caught between an overhead electric-power wire and the trolley-boom of a passing tramway car.

The Figaro says there is in Paris a night school at which young French shop assistants are taught British manners and the art of speaking French like Englishmen.

The umbrella and parasol were used by the eastern nations many centuries before the Christian era. The oldest chinaware shows pictures of ladies and mandarins shaded by parasols of patterns similar to those now in use.

WEEDS THAT POISON MEN.

Some of Them Can Be Eaten by Animals Without the Slightest Injurious Effect.

Out of this branch of weed study is certain to come remarkable information, for the poisonous plants are the most strangely constituted and given to astounding variations. For instance, says Ainslee's Magazine, the common poke berry presents a spectacle of contradictory qualities. Birds eat the berries, which to men are poisonous. Cattle may eat the leaves when green and fresh, but if perchance they should eat a wilted leaf it would poison them. The roots are deadly poison, yet the shoots which grow up six inches high in the spring are an excellent food for man—the rival of asparagus and equally healthful. Science has at last paused to inquire why this should be so, and some day the chemical action which can make a deadly poison by wilting a leaf when the fresh one is harmless will be discovered.

Similarly it has been observed of American false hellebore or itchweed that the seeds are poisonous to chickens and that the leaves and roots are poisonous to men and horses, but that sheep and elk, which chew the cud, seem to relish the plant. In all the poison, when in the system, acts alike, paralyzing the heart and spinal cord. The poisonous element of corncockle has not yet been explained, but its curious action has already been observed. When extracted it mixes freely with water, froths like soap and, though odorless, will when inhaled produce violent sneezing. Caper spurge, the common gopher plant or spring wort, is curious in that the mere handling of it will poison to the extent of producing pimples and often gangrene. It is a thing that cattle can eat without harm, and goats eat freely, but the milk of the latter will then be deadly poison. In men a moderate dose will produce a general collapse and death in a few hours. The poison of the sneeze weed develops mostly in the snowy yellow flowers and is violent. The young plants are comparatively harmless and even in the mature ones the poison varies greatly—some having scarcely any at all.

In the case of this plant and the woolly and stemless loco weed some effort has been made to find out where they get their deadly poisons. That of the loco weed is a most subtle thing. The poison of the woolly loco produces strange hallucinations in its victims. It affects the eyesight and silently reaches one after another of the vital functions, killing the victim in two years' time.

Some animals after eating it refuse every other kind of food and seek only this. They endure a lingering period of emaciation, characterized by sunken eyeballs, lusterless hair and feeble movements, and eventually die of starvation. So mystic an element gathered from the earth and the air naturally causes wonder and the desire to know what such things may be and why they are.

MANAGE HUSBANDS WELL.

Americans Are More Tactful in This Respect Than Their Sisters of Other Nations.

The art of managing husbands has engrossed the attention of women for centuries—in fact, ever since Eve induced Adam to indulge in a fruit dessert, seemingly against his will. The only fair ones who have thus far even approached success in this line are the Americans, who have displayed a tact that is not possessed elsewhere in the wide world.

To keep the happiness of the home unbroken is to lay hold on immortality. The example to noisy boys and thoughtless girls of a mother who keeps things moving smoothly, provided the mother possesses the genius of imparting her knowledge, is to lay the foundations of other tactfully conducted homes, and her genius for managing the next generation of husbands and for providing manageable husbands for the next generation of tactful girls reaches forward through countless years, says Lilian Bell, in Harper's Bazar.

This genius of tactfulness is purely American, for, by tact I mean the pure and wholesome article of Anglo-Saxon origin which has nothing to do with the corrupted and corruptible article of certain foreign nations, whose women have the name of being fascinating through their knowledge of men.

An American woman's knowledge of men is builded on universal motherhood, and is as pure as love itself That is why a good wife infuses a certain maternal quality into her love for her husband. His weakness, of mind or body, draws on that peculiar mother love in the heart of every good woman, whether she ever marries or not.

PITH AND POINT.

Those who insist on doing as they please soon reach a point where nothing pleases them.—Town Topics.

"Do you know, I am reminded of Miss Ellen Stone whenever I think of myself?" "Why?" "I've been pinched for cash lately."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Marriage," reflected the large-waisted philosopher, "is unique as a firmly established institution which is still universally regarded as an experiment."—Indianapolis News.

A Reasonable Request. — Jinks—"Phew! Looks like rain." Winks—"We're going to have a thundershower." Jinks—"Guess that's so. Lend me one of my umbrellas, will you?"—N. Y. Weekly.

The Greedy Man.—"Grabber is the most avaricious man I ever met." "I should say so. If he got the chance to go to paradise he would take a chisel along to take up the gold that the streets are paved with."—Chicago Daily News.

Visitor—"Why do you have 'Keep off the grass' notices all over this park? You don't seem to enforce the restriction." Policeman—"We do it so that people will the more thoroughly enjoy being on the grass." — Glasgow Evening Times.

The Drummer's Advice.—First Passenger (on railroad)—"Traveling man, eh? Familiar with Boom City, I presume?" Drummer—"Yessiree. Take it in on every trip." "Glad to hear it. I have never been there. What hotel would you advise me to stop at?" "The Boomton house." "Do you always go there?" "No. I have never stopped at that hotel. But I've been to all the rest."—N. Y. Weekly.

WESTERN VIEW OF OZONE.

The Mistake of a Man from Ohio Who Thought He Smelt the Atlantic Sea Breezes.

The man in the gray suit was delivering an encomium on the invigorating properties of ocean breezes.

"The minute I get in the neighborhood of the Atlantic," he said, "I feel like a new man. Even when away back in Jersey I catch delicious whiffs of the salt breeze, and it acts like a tonic on my system and dispels the sluggishness that always creeps upon me during my trips inland. You folks may dose yourselves as much as you like with patent medicines and doctors' gilt-edged prescriptions, but as for me, just let me go down to the sea shore and breathe in the salt air, and I'll warrant that I'll be all toned up before you even get a spoonful of your nauseous concoction measured out."

The man who had been losing money listened with undisguised disgust to these enthusiastic praises of the Atlantic ocean in the capacity of family physician, says the New York Times.

"I've heard all that tommyrot a good many times before," he said. When I was a boy back in Ohio I used to hear it from people who had made a memorable trip to New York at some remote period and set themselves up as an authority on all the beneficent influences of the metropolis and vicinity. 'A breeze from the ocean is the elixir of life,' said a spirited old gentleman one day, in my hearing, and I being chock full of curiosity, asked him what salt water smelled like.

"'Ah,' said the old gentleman, 'it is fragrant as the spices of Araby.'

"Now, my knowledge of Araby and its scents was not one of my strong points. The only kind of spice we used at our house was nutmeg, and that was hardly fragrant enough to be taken as a criterion of all oriental odors. However, I supposed that Arabian scents and consequently Atlantic sea breezes must be particularly pleasant to the nostrils, and when I finally got ready for my maiden trip to New York one of my chief concerns was the salt air.

"No sooner had we left Philadelphia than I began to sniff like an impatient warhorse, so eager was I to smell the widely advertised ocean breeze. It was an evening in early May, and the country we passed through was fresh and green. Still, even all this springtime verdure failed to give to New Jersey meadows a fragrance more pronounced than had been remarked further west, and I knew we had not yet got within range of the sea breeze.

"Not until we had passed Elizabeth did my nose apprise me of the proximity of the sea. Then, all of a sudden there burst upon my nostrils the anxiously awaited odor. There was no mistaking it. It was sweet, it was languorous, it was intoxicating. If such a description is not paradoxical. I understood then why all travelers to the east had been able to distinguish it and to revel in it the minute they came within the dominions of the sea breeze. I, too, wished to do justice to this wonderful elixir, and, turning to the man next me, I said:

"'I have always wondered at the enthusiasm with which travelers speak of the salt air, but I wonder no longer. Why, even a tenderfoot born and bred in the west can tell the difference the minute he enters its zone.'

"The man stuck his head out of the window and sniffed suspiciously. 'I don't smell it yet,' he said. 'I hardly think we are near enough to the coast.'

"I looked at him pityingly. 'Don't smell it?' I said. 'Why, man, where is your nose? You don't have to stick your head outdoors to smell it. Even the car is redolent with it.'

"The man lay back in his seat then and roared. 'You poor young greenhorn,' he said. 'Did you take that for the scent of the ocean breeze? Great heavens, don't you know what that is? It's hair oil that that fellow up in the corner has been dabbling all over his head.'"

Litigous John Bull.

As a race the English people must be very litigious, for judicial figures given out in a recent parliamentary return show that on the average, in 1900, one person in every 25 in England and Wales went to law during the course of the year. These are, of course, average figures, based on the fact that there were 1,310,650 civil cases begun during that year. The London Express in explaining these figures declares that "the cantakerously litigious person and the tradesman who is unfortunate in the number of customers who will not pay their debts bring up the average."—Law Journal.

DANGERS OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

The First Year of Life in an Institution of Learning Is a Test of Character.

Catherine Lee Bates, professor of English literature at Wellesley, the famous women's college, has been writing of the college girl of the period, and her experience among the class qualifies her to write understandingly, says an educational journal. It is Miss Bates' opinion that the freshmen year is the danger year. Health may be so impaired that the student is sent home, there to be most erroneously pointed out as the victim of overstudy. Conditions may be incurred that will hamper all the subsequent course of the overworried, over-ashamed-of girl, who must take time and strength from the work of her sophomore year to make good her freshman failures, and hence incurs new conditions in the new subjects, dragging "at each remove a lengthening chain." A miss conducted freshman year, too, may fix a reputation for flightiness, loud manners or the like upon one who, when the first intoxication of her liberty has passed, could have lived up to a good name, but is led by pride and pique, as she sees the better elements in the student world withdrawing from her, to cast in her lot with the wildest and most featherbrained companionship of the place.

This is the dark side of the picture. Many freshmen have been prepared by judicious training at home or in school for undertaking the direction of their daily lives. Others are quick to profit by the hints of comrades or by their own observation. Required lectures on hygiene, frequent tests in classwork, fortunate friendships often counteract the perils of inexperience. And the student who comes successfully through her freshman year has all the chances in her favor for a glad and honorable college course. She has learned that freedom lies within the circle of law, not without it.

The typical college girl before her sophomore year is over has her own affairs in hand and brings a fund of superfluous energy to the business of the commonweal. The executive ability developed in American college life is a continual surprise to the onlooker. To the timid entering student many things within the next four years become possible. She may be found running a magazine, dealing shrewdly with printer and advertiser, reading proof, writing items, leaders, reviews. She may practice a wide range of activities on class committees, from conducting a campaign in undergraduate politics to planning and carrying through the social functions of gala days where guests are numbered by hundreds or by thousands. The athletic association may trust her with grave responsibilities in the selection and laying out of golf grounds or in arranging for an intercollegiate tournament. If her Greek letter society is building its chapter-house it may fall to her lot to confer with architects and decorators, buy rugs, divans and other furnishings or engineer the finance of the whole enterprise. The sense of distance between senior and freshman is not altogether fictitious. On the practical side of life alone the four years cannot count for more than arithmetic confesses.

Women colleges have faculties disgruntled in proportion as they find their occupation gone. They are no longer asked, in most instances, to make and to administer rules for student conduct. The students are self-organized into a self-directing and self-disciplining body. The faculties are obviously out of place in this projected dreamland of youth and mirth and beauty. Hence they are prone to complain that, what with undergraduate business and what with undergraduate pastime, there is no room left in college for the intellectual life. How do these hurried and preoccupied girls, with festal music tinkling in their heads, have opportunity to absorb "the bright commonness of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies?"

CROWS KILL A HAWK.

The Fierce Marauder of the Air Is Overcome by Numbers and Done to Death.

Druid Hill park was the scene one Sunday lately of one of the fiercest battles ever fought between crows on the one side and a large chicken hawk on the other, and, perhaps, the only battle of its kind in which the hawk suffered defeat, relates the Baltimore Sun.

It is a well-known fact that the relations between hawks and crows have been strained perhaps since creation, hawks neglecting no opportunity to destroy young crows before they leave the nests. Representatives of the two species of birds rarely meet without a battle. They usually fight to a finish. This is no doubt the reason why the hawk has won so many victories.

Fully 12 or 15 crows took part in the battle. The hawk was attacked in midair while hovering over a crow's nest. The onslaught made him furious, and he retaliated by swooping down on the tree in which the nest was built. The crows were determined to drive off the enemy, and made a systematic and concerted onslaught on the intruder. First one and then another would drive at him, and in a short time the ground under the tree was strewn with feathers.

The hawk fought with bill and claws, while the crows used only their bills. The fight became so hot that the hawk was compelled to leave the tree, and, being to exhausted to fly, sank to the ground. There he made a final stand, and the battle was an interesting one, passengers on the Emory grove cars being among the spectators. First one crow and then another would give the hawk a dig with its bill and then jump back to escape the savage plunges of the hawk.

The hawk fought as long as he could stand on his feet. Even while lying on his side or back he kept up the struggle. The crows, however, were relentless, and kept on picking away until their adversary fell dead. They then flew off a considerable distance and patched up their cuts and bruises as best they could. Not a single one of their number was killed.

Sugar-Making in Italy.

The manufacture of sugar in Italy now suffices for two-thirds of the national consumption.—N. Y. Sun.